

THE 11621 66-18
TOPER'S DELIGHT;
OR, A
Pipe of the Best.

Poetically Delineated
In I M I T A T I O N of
Mr. POPE, } { Mr. THOMPSON,
Dean SWIFT, } { Dr. YOUNG, and
Mr. PHILLIPS, } { COLLEY CIBBER.

Extracted from the
MAGAZINES, &c.

To which is Added
A great Variety of merry Catches in Praise
of Good-Eating and Much-Drinking.

C O N C L U D I N G
With an *humourous Description of a Modern
Midnight-Revjery.*

*Come, jovial Pipe, and bring along
Midnight-Revjery, and Song.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for and Sold by J. Stevens in Aldersgate-Street, G. Sparvan, over-against St. Clement's Church in the Strand, R. Motte, at the Hole in the Wall at Islington, and at most Publick-Houses. 1744. [Price Six-pence.]

THE
TOPER'S DELIGHT

OF A

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THE DEDICATION.

To the much honoured *P*RESIDENT,
and the *R*est of the *w*orthy *G*entlemen,
who have lately form'd themselves into
an *A*MICABLE *S*OCIETY, at the
*H*ole in the *W*all, at *I*ssington, in the
County of *M*iddlesex, under the vene-
rable Title of the *S*HAKESPE-
*R*IAN *C*LUB.

GENTLEMEN.



S the principal Intention of your
*p*resent *E*stablishment is to pro-
mote (as much as in you lies) all
the *S*ocial *V*irtues; and as that
old boon Companion *H*ORACE
has asserted, that Wit and good
Humour, Brotherly-Love and Friendship grow
cold and languid, without good Eating and
Drinking, I beg Leave to usher these *P*oeti-
*c*al *A*musements into the World under the
Shelter of your Patronage and Protection.

And as I am conscious to myself, that you
are all Gentlemen of more Sense and Mode-
sty, than to be tickled with any abject Adu-
lations, I shall industriously wave all personal

6 DEDICATION.

Panegyrick on this Occasion ; and instead thereof make bold to entertain you with the *History* of *TOBACCO*, which I flatter myself will meet with a favourable Reception, as you are all fond of a *Pipe* of the *Best*, and be deem'd no unnatural Introduction to the present Undertaking.

Your friendly Entrance of my Name into the List of your numerous *Subscribers*, and your kind Encouragement of this my *First Attempt* to approve myself a Well-Wisher to so jovial a Society, will be look'd upon as a Favour conferr'd on,

GENTLEMEN,

Your most obedient, and

oblig'd humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

THE
NATURAL HISTORY
OF
TOBACCO;

By way of
INTRODUCTION.



THAT *O' Tobacco* was look'd upon by *Dodonæus* and *Simon Pauli*, (two of the best Herbalists of the Age they liv'd in) as a Species or Kind of *Henbane*; yet some Botanists insist, that 'tis an *European* Plant, and reduce it accordingly to several of our Classes: But waving all unnecessary Controversy on this Occasion, we shall content ourselves with only observing, that one *Thevet* first brought the Seed of *Tobacco* into *France*, notwithstanding the *French* Ambassador in *Portugal*, (*Nicot* by Name) from whom it is call'd *Nicotiana*, was the first that sent the Plant itself into his own Country; *Hernandes de Toledo*, who had travell'd thro' *America*, having supplied *Spain* and *Portugal*, by the Command of *Philip II.* with a large Quantity of it long before. Sir *Francis Drake* indeed procur'd the
Seed

Seed in *Virginia*, and was the first that brought it over to *England*: Some, however, give the Honour of it to Sir *Walter Raleigh*, since whose Time it has prodigiously improv'd in our *British* Soil. There are great Quantities of it gather'd yearly in several Gardens within the County of *Middlesex*. There are large Plantations of it likewise in *Gloucestershire*, *Devonshire*, and divers other Counties in the West. His Majesty, 'tis true, sends every Year a Troop of Horse to destroy it, lest the Trade of our *American* Plantations should be any ways incommoded by it; many, however, of our *London* Apothecaries make use of *English* Tobacco in their Shops, notwithstanding 'tis a receiv'd Notion among the Vulgar, that this Plant is entirely exotic, and of *American* Extract. If we may credit *Libanius*, it grows naturally in the famous *Hercynian* Forest of *Germany*. Supposing this to be true, we should no longer call it *Tobacco* from the Island of *Tobago*. The Names of it however are so various, that it would be too tedious, if not impertinent to repeat them all: The *Americans* themselves call it *Picielt*; in *Nova Francia*, 'tis styl'd *Petum*; in *Hispaniola*, *Cozobba*; in *Virginia*, *Uppuoc*; in *Rome*, *Herba Sancta Crucis*; in some Parts of *Italy*, *Herba Medica*, and in *France*, *Herba Regina*. Be the Name, however, what it will, some are fully perswaded, that 'tis a Kind of poisonous Weed, and the Reason they alledge for it is, that it intoxicates the Brain, inflames the Blood, and proves a strong purgative both upwards and downwards: Which Operations are the natural Effects of all poisonous Plants, such as *Poppies*, *Hemlocks*, and *Hellebores*. 'Tis well known, that

that the Oil of *Tobacco* is one of the rankest Poisons in Nature ; for a few Drops of it, upon the Tongue of a Dog or a Cat, will first throw it into Convulsions, and the Creature will soon expire under the Operation, as has been experienc'd publickly more than once, before the Royal Society. *Francisco Redi*, however, who was a very ingenious *Italian*, observes very judiciously, that this Oil will not have the same powerful Effect on all Animals in general, nor will it dispatch those it does kill in the same Compass of Time. There is a great Difference between the *Tobacco* of *Brasil*, and that of *St. Christopher's*, as to the Influence above-mention'd ; *Varino* and *Brasil Tobacco* being almost of the same Quality and Power ; whereas that of *St. Christopher's*, *Terra Nova*, *Niue*, and *St. Martin*, has very different Operations.

We shall now shew our Readers the various Manners of using this Weed in those Countries where 'tis most in vogue : Some *Americans* mix it with a Powder of Shells, for their chewing it, which, as it salivates them all the Time, they imagine it refreshes them in their Journeys and Fatigues : Others in *New Spain* dawb the Ends of Reeds with the Gum or Juice of *Tobacco*, and setting them on Fire suck the Smoke to the other End. 'Tis observable, that the *Virginians* had Pipes of Clay before the *English* ever came there ; and from those Barbarians we *Europeans* have borrow'd our Mode of smoaking. *Tobacco* is no favourite Plant among the *Moors* and *Turks* ; for tho' some of them smoak it, yet even they make use of long Pipes, compos'd of Reeds or Wood. The Natives of *Ireland* for the generality reduce their *Tobacco* to Powder,

der, and use it as Snuff only: There are several of our *Englishmen*, who not only chew, but swallow several Ounces of *Tobacco* every Day without the least visible Alteration; from whence 'tis apparent, that Custom will familiarize the rankest Poison to such a Degree, that it shall become agreeable at least, if not salutary to the Body.

History informs us, that once upon a Time a certain *French Ambassador*, residing in *England*, could never procure any natural Rest; whereupon he would frequently swallow down whole Ounces of *Opium*, without any Concern; one half of the Quantity whereof would have lain some others asleep for ever: The *Turks* likewise are frequently observ'd to take large Lumps of it without the least Operation: Which makes good the Old Proverb, that *Custom is second Nature*.

As to the Culture, Harvest, Preparation, and Traffick of *Tobacco*, we shall refer our curious Readers to one *Neander*, who has treated at large upon those Topicks. We shall beg Leave however to introduce one Story from *Monardus*, who assures us, that the *Indian Priests*, who are always consulted about the Events of War, burn the Leaves of *Tobacco*, and suck into their Mouths the Smoak by a Reed or Pipe; upon which they immediately fall into a Kind of Trance, and as soon as ever they come out of it, they discover to the *Indians* all the secret Negotiation which they have had with their great *Dæmon*, and always deliver some ambiguous Answer at the same Time.

As to the Qualities, Nature, and Uses of *Tobacco*, they may be very considerable in several Cases: King *James*, indeed, disputed very smartly against it at *Oxford*, and one *Simon Pauli* wrote a very learned Treatise against it. Some Anatomists likewise are full of their Invectives, and tell terrible Stories of its melancholy Effects. *Amurath* the Fourth, we are told, prohibited the Use of it all over the *Turkish* Dominions, under the severest Penalties, the *Turks* having entertain'd a Notion that *Tobacco* will render them effeminate and barren, unfit for War, and Procreation. *Scach Abbas*, the great Sophy of *Persia*, leading an Army against the *Cham of Tartary*, made Proclamation, that if any *Tobacco* should be found in the Custody of any one of his Soldiers, he and his *Tobacco* should be burnt together. However, notwithstanding all that has been said, it will prove very beneficial to Mankind in general, if we will but hearken to those who are more experienc'd Judges.

The famous Doctor *Willis* recommends *Tobacco* to Soldiers, and assures them, that 'twill supply in some Measure the Want of proper Provisions, and make them insensible of the Dangers and Fatigues that naturally attend a warlike Course of Life; besides it has been found, by Experience, to cure not only scorbutick Humours, but such ulcerous Diseases as are frequent in Camps. 'Tis well known, that a very curious Lady in the North has wrought several remarkable Cures by a Preparation of *Tobacco*. Our learned and most experienc'd Countryman Mr. *Boyle* likewise highly commends *Tobacco-Clysters* in the most violent Cholick Pains,

Pains, which are too often epidemical, both in Cities as well as Camps. The celebrated *Hartman* extols the Water of *Tobacco* against Agues: And the late curious Dr. *Grew* found the Success of the Oil of it in the Tooth-ach, a Lint being dipp'd into it, and put into the hollow Tooth. The Effects of *Tobacco* have likewise prov'd very good in some violent Pains of the Head, as some Thousands have experienc'd.

As to the daily smoaking of it, the State and Circumstances of your Body must be the best Guide and Rule ; if your Complexion be lean, hot and dry, it may possibly prove prejudicial ; but if cold, moist and humoral, subject to Catarrhs, Rheums, and Pains, then you may venture to use it freely ; so every One must consult his own Constitution, and the Experience of Others.



TOBACCO;

A

POEM.



A I L Thought-inspiring Plant!
 thou Balm of Life,
 Well might thy Worth engage a
 Nation's Strife;
 Thou sweet Amusement of both
 old and young,

Say, why remain thy healing Pow'rs unsung?
 Exhaustless Fountain of *Britannia's* Wealth!
 Thou Friend to Wisdom, and thou Source of
 Health;

At Morn and Night, thy kindly Influence shed,
 And o'er the Mind delightful Quiet spread.
 Thou mak'st the Passions due Obedience know,
 And regular the swift Ideas flow.
 The mighty *Raleigh* * first thy Virtue taught,
 And prov'd himself thy generous Aid to Thought.

* *Sir Walter Raleigh was one of the greatest Men of his Time, of uncommon Abilities; which recommended him to the Esteem of Queen Elizabeth, who sent him in 1584 on a Voyage to America, from whence he brought over Tobacco, and in that Year he discover'd Wyngandocoo, since call'd Virginia, in Honour of his Royal Mistress, that renowned Virgin-Queen,*

B

Calm'd

Calm'd by thy Power;—his Mind thro' Ages run,
 And shew'd how Men and Manners first begun;
 † Defy'd Afflictions most tormenting Weight,
 And view'd serene th'impending Stroke of Fate;
 With Thee shall live forever *Raleigh's* Name,
 Nor thou the least of his immortal Fame.

How wide, how vast, is since thy Empire grown!

Is there a Land, that's to thy Name unknown?
 To either Sex thy gen'rous Pow'r extends,
Damon and *Cælia* are alike thy Friends:
 At *Cælia's* Toilet dost thou claim a Right?
 The Nymph so fam'd for Teeth, like Iv'ry white,
 For Breath more fragrant than the vernal Air,
 Blest with thy Aid, makes ev'ry Swain despair:
 Where then shall *Damon* seek to ease his Pain,
 To sooth his Sorrows, or his Hope sustain?
 Where but to Thee? Thy balmy Pow'r he tries,
 The grateful Fumes in spiry Columns rise;
 Thou calm'st the Swellings of his tortur'd Mind,
 And Passion stands by Reason's Rules confin'd;
 Or thy ascending Incense *Phæbus* moves,
 Who warms the Bard to win the Nymph he loves.

In every Clime thy Benefits we view:
 Thou nobler Treasure than the fam'd *Peru*!

who for this and other glorious Actions deservedly
 conferr'd on him the Honour of Knighthood.

† This great worthy Man, was soon after King
James I. Accession to the Throne, condemned for
 High Treason at *Winton*, Nov. 27. 1603.

He was confin'd for 14 Years a Prisoner of
 State in the Tower, and afterwards was be-
 headed in the Old Palace Westminster, October
 29. 1618.

Thou

Thou Friend to all, unmindful of Degree!
 The Prince and Peasant joy alike in thee :
 Sagacious Statesmen thy Delight confess,
 And lab'ring Hinds thy cordial Comforts bless,
 Fearless of Ill :—Disease before thee flies,
 And dire Contagion in thy Presence dies.

How chang'd the Men! who plac'd their
 Hopes in Thee,

Once exil'd Sons of Want and Misery :
 Around each Chief now wait a numerous Band
 Of Vassals subject to his high Command :
 See, like a private Prince, he rules in Peace !
 Yet small his Portion of thy vast Increase :
 See countless Sails swell o'er the lab'ring Main!
 What Sons of *Neptune* do their Wombs contain?
Britannia's brave Support, all brave and free,
 And big with Empire o'er the subject Sea ;
 Let these aloud thy Services declare,
 And prove thy Merit with the public Care.
 Let *Albion* triumph in thy lov'd Produce ;
 Let wealthy Merchants wide proclaim thy Use;
 And while they count their Thousands, speak
 thy Praise,
 In better Numbers, than the *Muses* Lays.



Six Other

ENCOMIUMS on TOBACCO,

In I M I T A T I O N of

Six of our most celebrated

ENGLISH POETS.

I M I T A T I O N I.

BLEST Leaf! whose aromatic Gales dispense
 To Templars Modesty, to Parsons Sense :
 So raptur'd Priests, at fam'd *Dodona's* Shrine
 Drank Inspiration from the Steam divine.
 Poison that cures, a Vapour that affords
 Content, more solid than the Smile of Lords ;
 Rest to the Weary, to the Hungry Food ;
 The last kind Refuge of the WISE and GOOD :
 Inspir'd by Thee, dull Wits adjust the Scale
 Of *Europe's* Peace, when other Statesmen fail.
 By Thee protected, and thy Sister Beer,
 Poets rejoice, nor think the Bailiff near.
 Nor less, the Critic owns thy genial Aid,
 While supperless he plies the piddling Trade.
 What tho' to Love and soft Delights a Foe,
 By Ladies hated, hated by the Beau ;
 Yet social Freedom long to Courts unknown,
 Fair Health, fair Truth, and Virtue are thy own.
 Come to thy Poet, come with healing Wings,
 And let me taste Thee *unexcis'd* by Kings.

I M I

I M I T A T I O N II.

BOY! bring an Ounce of *Weekley's* best,
And bid the Vicar be my Guest:

Let all be plac'd in Manner due,
A Pot, wherein to spit, or spue,
And *London Journal*, and *Free Briton*,
Of Use to light a Pipe, or * * *

* * * * *

This Village, unmolested yet
By Troopers, shall be my Retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for * * *

Far from the Vermin of the Town,
Here let me rather live my own;
Doze o'er a Pipe, whose Vapour bland
In sweet Oblivion lulls the Land;
Of all, which at *Vienna* passes,
As ignorant as * * * *Brass* is:

And scorning Rascals to caress,
Extol the Days of good *Queen Bess*,
When first *TOBACCO* blest our Isle,
Then think of other Queens and smile.

Come, jovial Pipe, and bring along
Midnight-Revelry and Song.

The merry Catch, the Madrigal,
That echoes sweet in City-Hall;
The Parson's Pur, the smutty Tale
Of Country Justice, o'er his Ale.

I ask not what the French are doing,
Or Spain to compass Britain's Ruin:

Britons, if undone, can go,
Where *TOBACCO* loves to grow.

 I M I T A T I O N III.

LITTLE TUBE of mighty Pow'r,
 Charmer of an idle Hour,
 Object of my warm Desire,
 Lip of Wax, and Eye of Fire:
 And thy snowy taper Waist,
 With my Finger gently brac'd;
 And thy swelling ashy Crest,
 With my little Stopper prest;
 And the sweetest Blifs of Blissess,
 Breathing from thy balmy Kisses.
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy Men,
 Who when agen the Night returns,
 When agen the Taper burns;
 When agen the Crickets gay,
 (Little Cricket, full of Play)
 Can afford his Tube to feed
 With the fragrant *Indian Weed*:
 Pleasure for a Nose divine,
 Incense of the God of Wine.
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy Men.



 I M I T A T I O N IV.

O Thou, matur'd by glad *Hesperian Suns*,
 TOBACCO, Fountain pure of *limpid Truth*,
That looks the very Soul; whence pouring
 Thought

Swarms all the Mind; absorpt is yellow Care,
 And at each Puff *Imagination burns*.
 Flash on thy Bard, and with exalting Fires
 Touch the mysterious Lip that chaunts thy Praise
 In Strains to mortal Sons of Earth unknown,
 Behold an Engine, wrought from tauny Mines,
 Of ductile Clay, with *plastic Virtue* form'd,
 And glaz'd magnific o'er, I grasp, I fill.
 From *Pætotheke* with pungent Pow'rs perfum'd,
Itself one Tortoise all, where *shines imbib'd*
Each Parent Ray; then rudely ram'd illume,
 With the red Touch of Zeal-enkindling Sheet,
Mark'd with Gibsonian Lore; forth issue Clouds,
 Thought-thrilling, Thirst-inciting Clouds a-
 round,

And many-mining Fires: I all the While,
 Lolling at Ease, *inhale* the breezy Balm.
 But chief, when *Bacchus* went with Thee to join,
In genial Strife, and Orthodoxal Ale,
Stream Life and Joy into the Muses Bowl.
 Oh be Thou still my great *Inspirer*! Thou
 My Muse; Oh fan me with thy Zephyrs Boon!
 While I, in clouded *Tabernacle* shrin'd,
 Burst forth all Oracle and mystic Song.

IMITATION V.

CRITICS avaunt ! TOBACCO is my Theme ;
 Tremble like Hornets at the blasting Steam.
 And you, Court-Insects, flutter not too near
 Its Light, nor buzz within the scorching Sphere.
Pollio, with Flame like thine my Verse inspire ;
 So shall the Muse from Smoke elicit Fire.
 Coxcombs prefer the tickling Stink of Snuff,
 Yet all their Claim to Wisdom is — a Puff ;
 Lord *Foplin* smokes not—for his Teeth afraid,
 Sir *Tawdry* smokes not—for he wears Brocade :
 Ladies, when Pipes are brought affect to swoon ;
 They love no Smoke, except the Smoke of Town :
 But Courtiers hate the puffing Tribe, — no
 matter ;

Strange if they love the *Breath* that cannot
 flatter !

Its Foes but shew their Ignorance, can *He*
 Who scorns the *Leaf* of Knowledge, love the
Tree ?

The tainted Templar (more prodigious yet)
 Rails at TOBACCO, tho' it makes him—*spit*.
Citronia vows it has an odious Stink ;
 She will not smoke, (ye Gods!) but she will drink :
 And chaste *Prudella* (blame her if you can)
 Says, Pipes are us'd by that vile Creature *Man* :
 Yet Crowds remain, who still its Worth pro-
 claim,

While some for Pleasure smoke, and some for
Fame :

Fame, of our Actions universal Spring,
 For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke, —
 ev'ry Thing.

IMI-

IMITATION VI.

A NEW-YEAR'S ODE.

RECITATIVO.

OLD Battle-array big with Horror is fled,
 And Olive-rob'd Peace again lifts up her
 Head :
 Sing, ye Muses, TOBACCO, the Blessing of
 Peace ;
 Was ever a Nation so blessed as this !

A I R.

When Summer Suns grow red with Heat
 TOBACCO tempers *Phæbus'* Ire ;
 When Wintry Storms around us beat,
 TOBACCO cheers with gentle Fire.
 Yellow Autumn, youthful Spring,
 In thy Praises jointly sing.

RECITATIVO.

Like *Neptune*, *Cæsar* guards *Virginian* Fleets,
 Fraught with TOBACCO's balmy Sweets ;
 Old Ocean trembles at *Britannia's* Pow'r,
 And *Boreas* is afraid to roar.

A I R.

A I R.

Happy Mortal ! he who knows
 Pleasure which a PIPE bestows,
 Curling Eddies climb the Room,
 Wasting round a mild Perfume.

RECITATIVO.

Let foreign Climes the Vine and Orange boast,
 While Wastes of War deform the teeming Coast;
Britannia, distant from each hostile Sound,
 Enjoys a Pipe, with Ease and Freedom crown'd:
 E'en restless Faction finds itself most free,
 Or if a Slave, a Slave to Liberty.

A I R.

Smiling Years that gayly run
 Round the Zodiac with the Sun,
 Tell, if ever you have seen
 Realms so quiet and serene.
British Sons no longer now
 Hurl the Bar, or twang the Bow;
 Nor of Crimson Combat think,
 But securely smoke and drink.

C H O R U S.

Smiling Years, that gayly run
 Round the Zodiac with the Sun;
 Tell, if ever you have seen
 Realms so quiet and serene.

A Serious

ADMONITION

To all

S M O A K E R S

O F

T O B A C C O.

Tobacco's but an *Indian Weed*,

Grows green at Morn, cut down at Eve ;

It shews our Decay, we are but Clay.

Think on this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so *Lilly-white*,

Wherein so many take Delight,

Is broke with a Touch ; Man's Life is such.

Think of this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so foul within,

Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with Sin ;

It does require to be purg'd with Fire.

Think of this when you take Tobacco.

The

The Ashes, that are left behind,
 Do serve to put us all in Mind,
 That into Dust we must return.
 Think of this when you take Tobacco.

The Smoak, that does so high ascend,
 Shews that Man's Life must have an End ;
 The Vapour's gone ; Man's Life is done.
 Think of this when you take Tobacco.



A Choice

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF Drinking SONGS.

SONG I. *Old Adam, it is true.*

OLD *Adam*, it is true,
No Care in *Eden* knew,
Yet his Sons live more gay and airy ;
For he tipp'd Water,
Whilst we who come after,
Drink Claret and racy Canary.

Then let each take his Glass,
And drink to his Lads,
But ne'er be a Slave unto either ;
For they are only wise,
Who both equally prize,
And join *Bacchus* and *Venus* together.

Whenever thus they meet,
All our Joys are compleat,
And our Jollity ne'er can expire ;
They our Faculties warm,
And us mutually charm,
Whilst each from the other takes Fire.

C

SONG

SONG II. *I am a jolly Toper.*

OF all Occupations
 A Toper's far the best ;
 For when the World's Affairs run cross,
 Good Liquor gives him Rest :
And a toping we will go, will go, will go,
And a toping we will go.

Here's to thee, honest *Jack*, my Boy,
 This Wine will chear our Hearts ;
 And if the Bottle's almost out
 We'll call for t'other Quart :
And a toping, &c.

What tho' your sober Sneakers
 Call jolly Topers Swine ;
 Because they wallow in the Dirt,
 And we do swim in Wine :
And a toping, &c.

The Musick that delights us most
 Is when the Bar-Bell rings ;
 For, when the Wine's got in our Heads,
 We fancy that we're Kings :
And a toping, &c.

Good Liquor drives away all Cares
 Which do perplex Mens Lives ;
 For, when we've drank our Courage up,
 We fear no scolding Wives :
And a toping, &c.

We'll drink at Morn, at Noon, at Night ;
 The Glas shall still go round :

And

And when we cannot sit upright,
 We'll drink upon the Ground :
And a toping, &c.

See how the shining Sparkles rise,
 When you fill your Glasses high;
 Tho' gouty Pains attack our Limbs,
 We'll drink until we die :
And a toping, &c.

The Lover lives by *Celia's* Smiles,
 And if she frowns he dies ;
 But what are Womens Smiles or Frowns
 To jolly drinking Boys ?
And a toping, &c.

Let Misers heap up sordid Gold
 To please their greedy Souls ;
 We value not their Mass of Dirt,
 Give us but flowing Bowls :
And a toping, &c.

Let *Whigs* and *Tories* plague their Heads
 To settle State-Affairs,
 We'll drink and ne'er regard their Noise,
 If we live a thousand Years :
But a toping we will go, will go, will go,
But a toping we will go.

SONG III. *Wine, Wine in a Morning.*

WINE, Wine in a Morning,
 Makes us frolick and gay,
 That like Eagles we soar,
 In the Pride of the Day ;
 Gouty Sots of the Night
 Only find a Decay.

'Tis the Sun ripe the Grape,
 And to Drinking gives Light ;
 We imitate him,
 When by Noon we are at Height ;
 They steal Wine who take it,
 When he's out of Sight.

Boy, fill all the Glasses,
 Fill them up now he shines;
 The higher he rises,
 The more he refines ;
 For Wine and Wit fall,
 As their Maker declines.

SONG IV. *Come let us prepare.*

THE *Macedon* Youth
 Left behind him this Truth,
 That nothing is done with much thinking ;
 He drank, and he fought,
 'Till he had what he sought,
 The World was his own by good drinking.

He drench'd his brave Soul,
 In a plentiful Bowl,
 And cast away Trouble and Sorrow ;
 His Head never run,
 Of what was to be done ;
 For he car'd not to Day, for to Morrow.

SONG V. *Come chear up your Hearts.*

COME, chear up your Hearts,
 And call for your Quarts,
 And let there no Liquor be lacking,

We

We have Money in Store,
 And intend for to roar,
 Until we have sent it all packing :
 Then Drawer make haste,
 And let no Time waste,
 But give ev'ry Man his Due ;
 To avoid all Trouble
 Go fill the Pot double.

*Since he that made one made two ;
 Since he that made one made two.*

Come, drink, my Hearts, drink,
 And call for your Wine.
 'Tis that makes a Man to speak truly ;
 What Sot can refrain,
 Or daily complain,
 That he, in his Drink, is unruly ?
 Then drink and be civil,
 Intending no Evil,
 If that you'll be ruled by me ;
 For Claret and Sack
 We never will lack,
*Since he that made two made three ;
 Since he, &c.*

The old Curmudgeon
 Sits all the Day drudging
 At home, with brown Bread and small Beer ;
 With scraping damn'd Pelf,
 He starveth himself,
 Scarce eats a good Meal in a Year :
 But we'll not do so,
 Howe'er the World go,
 Since that we have Money in Store ;
 For Claret and Sack
 We never will lack,

Since he that made three made four ;
Since he, &c.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
 And call for your Wine;
 D'ye think I'll leave you i'th' Lurch?
 My Reck'ning I'll pay,
 E're I go away,
 Or hang me as high as *Paul's Church*.
 Tho' some Men will say,
 This is not the Way
 For us in this World to thrive;
 'Tis no Matter for that,
 Let us have t'other Quart,
Since he that made four made five ;
Since he, &c.

A Pox of old *Charon*,
 His Brains are all barren,
 His Liquor, like Coffee is dry;
 But we are for Wine,
 'Tis Drink more divine,
 Without it we perish and die;
 Then troll it about,
 Until 'tis all out,
 We'll affront him in spite of his *Styx*;
 If he grudges his Ferry,
 We'll drink and be merry,
Since he that made five made six ;
Since he, &c.

But now the Time's come,
 That we all must go home,
 Our Liquor's all gone, that's for certain;
 Which makes me repine,
 That a God so divine
 Won't give us one Cup at our parting.
 But

But since all is paid,
 Let's not be dismay'd,
 But fly to great *Bacchus* in Heaven;
 And chide him because
 He made no better Laws,
 Since he that made six made seven;
 Since he, &c.

SONG VI. *There liv'd long ago in a
 Country Place.*

WHEN I visit proud *Celia* just come from
 my Glass,
 She tells me I'm fluster'd, and look like an Ass;
 When I mean of my Passion to put her in Mind,
 She bids me leave drinking, or she'll never be kind.

That she's charmingly handsome I very well
 know,
 And so is my Bottle, each Brimmer so too;
 And to leave my Soul's Joy; Oh! 'tis Nonsense
 to ask,
 Let her go to the Devil, bring t'other full Flask.

Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bade me
 forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear.
 Had she found out my *Chloris*, up three Pair
 of Stairs,
 I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. James's to
 Prayers.

Had she bade me read *Homilies* three Times a Day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say;
 But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red,
 Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be
 said.

SONG

SONG VII. *On, on, my dear Brethren.*

Here's to thee my *Damon*, let's drink and
 be merry,
 And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of
 Sherry;
 Commit e'ry Care to the Guardians above,
 And we'll live like Immortals in Pleasure and
 Love.

Here's *Phillis's* Health; lo! the Liquor flows
 higher,
 'Tis *Phillis's* Name that awakens the Fire:
 Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence
 shine,
 And Fancy be brisk, as the sparkling Wine.

Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye
 Swains,
 Go pluck the sweet Roses, the Pride of the Plains;
 Pluck only such Roses are worthy the Fair,
 And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care:

While to yon cool Poplar's kind Shade we retire,
 To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire;
 In languishing Bliss, we'll live, and we'll die;
 She'll melt in the Flames, that I catch at her
 Eye.



SONG VIII. *If Love's a sweet Passion.*

SAY, good Master *Bacchus*, astride on your
 But,
 Since our Champagne's all gone, and our Claret's
 run out,
 Which of all the brisk Wines in your Empire
 that grow,
 Will serve to delight your poor Drunkards below?
 Resolve us, grave Sir, and soon send it over,
 Lest we die, lest we die of the Sin of be'ng sober.

SONG IX. *Come fill me a Glass.*

COME, fill me a Glass, fill it high ;
 A Bumper, a Bumper I'll have :
 He's a Fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an Inch,
 Tho' I drink myself into my Grave.

Here's a Health to all those jolly Souls,
 Who like me will never give o'er,
 Whom no Danger controuls, but will take off
 their Bowls,
 And merrily stickle for more.

Drown Reason and all such weak Foes ;
 I scorn to obey her Command;
 Cou'd she ever suppose, I'd be led by the Nose,
 And let my Glass idly stand ?

Reputation's a Bugbear to Fools,
 A Foe to the Joys of dear Drinking,
 Made use of by Tools, who'd set us new Rules,
 And bring us to politick Thinking.

Fill

Fill 'em all, I'll have fix in my Hand,
 For I've trifl'd an Age away :
 'Tis in vain to command; the fleeting Sand
 Rolls on, and cannot stay.

Come, my Lads, move the Glas, drink about,
 We'll drink the Universe dry ;
 We'll set Foot to Foot, and drink it all out,
 If once we grow sober we die.

SONG X. *Busy, curious, thirsty Fly.*

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,
 Drink with me, and drink as I ;
 Freely welcome to my Cup,
 Couldst thou sip and sip it up :
 Make the most of Life you may,
 Life is short, and wears away.
Life is short, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine ;
 Hasten quick to their Decline ;
 Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore :
 Threescore Summers, when they're gone,
 Will appear as short as one.
Will appear, &c.



Oldys

SONG XI. *If I live to be old.*

IF I live to be old, for I find I grow down,
 Let this be my Fate; in a Country Town,
 May I have a warm House, with a Stone at my
 Gate,
 And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.

C H O R U S.

*May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,
 And grow wiser and better, as my Strength
 wears away,
 Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.*

May my little House stand on the Side of a Hill,
 With an easy Descent to a Mead and a Mill;
 That, when I've a Mind, I may hear my Boy
 read,
 In the Mill, if it rains, if 'tis dry, in the Mead.
May I govern, &c.

Near a fine shady Grove, and a murm'ring Brook,
 With the Ocean at distance, whereon I may look,
 With a spacious Plain, without Hegde or Style,
 And an easy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern, &c.

With *Horace* and *Petrarch*, and two or three more
 Of the best Wits that reign'd in the Ages before;
 With roast Mutton, rather than Ven'son or Veal,
 And clean, tho' coarse, Linnen at every Meal.
May I govern, &c.

With

With a Pudding on *Sundays*, with stout humming
 Liquor,
 And Remnants of *Latin* to puzzle the Vicar;
 With a hidden Reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,
 To drink the King's Health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

May my Wine be Vermillion, may my Malt-
 Drink be pale,
 In neither Extream, or too mild or too stale;
 In Lieu of Deserts, unwholsome and dear,
 Let *Lodi* or *Parmesan* bring up the Rear.
May I govern, &c.

Nor Tory, nor Whig, Observator nor Trimmer,
 May I be, nor against the Laws Torrent a
 Swimmer;
 May I mind what I speak, what I write, and
 hear read;
 But with Matters of State ne'er trouble my Head
May I govern, &c.

Let the Gods, who dispose of ev'ry King's Crown
 Whomsoever they please, set up and pull down
 I'll pay the whole Shilling impos'd on my Head
 Tho' I go without Claret that Night to my Bed
May I govern, &c.

I'll bleed without grumbling, tho' that Tax
 should appear
 As oft as the New-Moons or Weeks in a Year
 For why should I let a seditious Word fall,
 Since my Lands in *Utopia* pay nothing at all?
May I govern, &c.

'Tho' I care not for Riches, may I not be so poor,
That the Rich without Shame, may enter my
Door ;

May they court my Converse, may they take
much Delight,
By old Stories they hear in a Winter's long Night.
May I govern, &c.

My small Stock of Wit may I not misapply,
To flatter ill Men, be they ever so high ;
Nor mispend the few Moments I steal from the
Grave,
In fawning and cringing, like a Dog or a Slave.
May I govern, &c.

May none whom I love to so great Riches rise,
As to slight their Acquaintance, and their old
Friends despise ;
So low or so high may none of them be,
As to move either Pity or Envy in me.
May I govern, &c.

A Friendship I wish, but alas ! 'tis in vain,
So firm, that no Change of Times, Envy, or
Gain,
Or Flatt'ry, or Woman, should have Power to
unty :
Jove's Storehouse is empty, and can't it supply.
May I govern, &c.

But if Friends prove unfaithful, and Fortune a
Whore,
Still I may be virtuous altho' I am poor ;
My Life then, as useless, may I freely resign,
When no longer I relish true Wit and good
May I govern, &c.

(Wine.
To

To out-live my Senses may it not be my Fate,
But rather let Death come before 'tis too late,
To be blind, to be deaf, to know nothing at all;
And, while there's some Sap in it, may my
Tree fall.

May I govern, &c.

I hope I shall have no Occasion to send
For Priests or Physicians, 'till I'm so near mine
End,

That I have eat all my Bread, and drank my
last Glass,

Let them come then, and set their Seals to my
May I govern, &c. (Pass.

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last
Day,

And when I'm dead, may the better Sort say,
In the Morning when sober, in the Evening,
when mellow,

He's gone, and left not behind him his Fellow.

May I govern, &c.

Without any Noise, when I've pass'd o'er the
Stage,

And put off my Vest in a chearful old Age,
And decently acted what Part Fortune gave,

May a few honest Fellows see me laid in my Grave.

May I govern, &c.

I care not whether under a Turf or a Stone,
With any Inscription upon it, or none;

If a thousand Years hence, Here lies *W. P.*
Shall be read on my Tomb; what is it to me?

May I govern, &c.

C H O R U S.

*May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,
And grow wiser and better, as my Strength
wears away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.*

S E N G XII. *Two Gods of great Honour-*

TWO Gods of great Honour, *Bacchus* and
Apollo,

The one fam'd in Musick, the other in Wine,
In Heaven were raving, disputing, and braving,
Whose Theme was the noblest, and Trade
most divine.

Your Musick, says *Bacchus*, would stun us and
rack us,

Did Claret not soften the Discord you make:
Songs are not inviting, nor Verses delighting,
'Till Poets of my great Influence partake.

I'm young, plump, and jolly, free from Me-
lancholy,

Who ever grew fat by the Sound of a String?
Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often contribute,
To purchase a Bottle before they do swing.

In Love I am noted, by old and young courted,
A Girl, when inspir'd by me, is soon won;

So great are the Motions of one of my Potions,
The Muses, tho' Maids, I could whore ev-
'ry one.

When Mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or in-
debted,

To me, as a Father, for Succour they cry;

In their sad Condition, I hear their Petition,
 A Bottle revives the oppress'd Votary.
 Then leave off your Tooting, your Fiddling,
 and Fluting,

Aside lay your Harp, and bow down to the
 Flask ;

My Joys they are riper than Songs from a Piper,
 What Musick is sweeter than sounding a Cask ?

Says *Phæbus*, this Fellow, is drunk sure, or
 mellow,

To prize Musick less than Wine and October,
 Since those, who love Drinking, are void of all
 Thinking,

And want so much Sense as to keep them-
 selves sober.

Thus while they were wrangling, disputing, and
 jangling,

Came buxom bright *Venus* to end the Dispute:
 Says she, now to ease ye, *Mars* best of all
 pleas'd me,

When arm'd with a Bottle, and charm'd
 with a Flute.

Your Musick has charm'd me, your Wine has
 alarm'd me,

When I have seem'd coy, and hard to be won;
 When both have been moving, I could not
 help loving,

And Wine has compleated what Musick begun.
 The Gods, struck with Wonder, declar'd by
Jove's Thunder,

They'd mutually join in supplying Love's
 Flame ;

So each, in their Function, mov'd on in Con-
 junction,

To melt with soft Pleasure the amorous Dame.

SONG

SONG XIII. *Young Bacchus, when merry,
bestriding.*

Young Bacchus, when merry, bestriding his
Tun,

Proclaimed a neighbourly Feast ;

The first that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,

A jolly parochial Priest ;

He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a Health to the

Church,

Preferring it to the King,

Altho' he long since had left both in the Lureh,

He canted like any Thing.

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call

A Doctor of the civil Law)

He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,

As fast as the Drawer could draw ;

But a Health to all Nobles he stiffly deny'd,

Tho' lustily he could swill,

Because, still the faster the Quality dy'd,

It brought the more Grist to his Mill.

The next a Physician to Ladies and Lords,

Who cures all Sickness and Pain,

And conjures Distempers away with hard Words,

Which he knows is the Head of his Gain ;

He stepp'd from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to
the Brim,

And quaffing did freely agree,

That Bacchus, who gave us such Cordial to drink,

Was a better Physician than he.

The next was a Justice who never read Law,
 With twenty Informers behind,
 On Free-coſt he tippl'd, and ſtill bid them draw,
 Till his Worſhip had drank himſelf blind ;
 Then reeling away, they rambl'd in queſt
 Of Drunkards and filts of the Town,
 That they might be puniſh'd to frighten the
 reſt,
 Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,
 By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,
 Who lengthen'd his Bill with *co-by* and *mau-*
draw,

And a thouſand ſuch *Items* beſide ;
 The Healths that he drank were to *Weſtminſter-*
Hall,

And to all the grave Dons of the Gown ;
Rependum in Petro, durendum in Paul,
 Such Latin ſure never was known.

The laſt that appear'd was a Soldier in red,
 With his Hair doubl'd under his Hat ;
 Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat ;
 He ſwore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,
 Or the Help of ſome impudent Punk,
 That he would not depart, till he made the
 Butt ſing,
 And himſelf moſt confoundedly drunk.



SONG XIV. *Lillibulero.*

THE Doctor is feed for a dang'rous Draught,
Which cures half a Dozen, and kills
half a Score,
Of all the best Drugs the Dispensaries taught,
'Twere well could each cure one Disease and
no more ;

But here's the Juice
Of sovereign Use,
'Twill cure your Distempers, whatever they be,
In Body or Spirit,
Wherever you bear it ;
Take of this a large Dose, and it soon sets you
free.

By cunning Directors, if trick'd of your Pelf,
Your Losses a Dose of good Claret can heal ;
Or if you have been a Director yourself,
'Twill teach you no Loss of your Honour to
feel,

Stocks fall or rise,
Tell Truth or Lies,
Your Fame and your Fortune here Remedy find ;
If *Sylvia* be cruel,
Take this Water-Gruel,
'Twill soon cure the Fever that burns up your
Mind.



SONG XV. *The Man that is drunk.*

THE Man, that is drunk, is void of all Care ;
 He needs neither *Parthian* Quiver, nor
 Spear ;

The *Moor's* poison'd Dart he scorns for to wield,
 His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
 Demolishes Windows, and breaks open Doors ;
 He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
 And boldly defies both Proctor and Devil.

As late I rode out with my Skin full of Wine,
 Encumbered neither with Care, nor with Coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible Dun,
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No Monster cou'd put you to half so much Fear,
 Should he in *Apulia's* Forest appear ;
 In *Africka's* Desert there never was seen
 A Monster so hated by Gods and by Men.

Come place me, ye Deities, under the Line,
 Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the
 Vine ;

O'er hot-burning Sands I'll swelter and sweat,
 Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

Or place me where Sun-shine is ne'er to be
 found,

Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound ;
 Ev'n there would I nought but my Bottle require,
 My Bottle should warm me, and fill me with
 Fire ? My

My Tutor may jobe me, and lay me down Rules,
 Who minds 'em but damn'd philosophical Fools?
 For when I'm old, and can no more drink,
 'Tis Time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas thus *Alexander* was tutor'd in vain,
 For he thought *Aristotle* an As for his Pain ;
 His Sorrows he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
 And when he was drunk, then the World was
 his own.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well stor'd,
 And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord ;
 My Life is the Reck'ning, which freely I pay,
 And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll stagger
 away.

SONG XVI. *Come let us drink.*

COME, let us drink, and drown all Sorrow,
 For perhaps we may not, for perhaps we
 may not,
 For perhaps we may not meet here To-
 morrow.

He that goes to Bed, goes to Bed, goes to Bed
 sober,
 Falls as the Leaves do, falls as the Leaves do,
 Falls as the Leaves do in *October*.

This will cure the Head-ach, the Cough, and
 the Phtifick,
 This is to all Men, this is to all Men,
 This is to all Men the best of Phyfick.

SONG XVII. *Hark, away, 'tis the merry tun'd Horn.*

Jolly Souls that are gen'rous and free,
 And true Vot'ries to *Bacchus* will be,
 To great *Bacchus*' Shrine let's repair,
 And a Bottle or two offer there.

C H O R U S.

*Exempt from Excise, our Joys higher rise,
 Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
 Our Bottle at Night gives us Joy and Delight,
 And drowns all the drowsy Fatigues of the Day.*

Let the griping old Usurer pine,
 Let the Lover call *Phyllis* divine,
 Let each Man what he fancies command,
 My Delight's in my Bottle and Friends.
Exempt from, &c.

O what Joy from the Bottle there springs !
 It can make us greater than Kings ;
 If our Spirits by Grief are oppress'd,
 Wine alone can procure us some Rest.
Exempt from, &c.

Great Influence has Wine over Love,
 And the coy can make kinder to prove ;
 Tho' the Nymph very flighting denies,
 It discovers the Truth in her Eyes.
Exempt from, &c.

If

It can make us all Heroes in brief,
 And the Wretched forget all his Grief;
 It inspires the Gallant and Brave,
 And Freedom can give to the Slave.

C H O R U S.

*Exempt from Excise, our Joys higher rise,
 Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
 Our Bottle at Night gives us Joy and Delight,
 And drowns all the drowsy Fatigues of the Day.*

SONG XVIII. *As soon as the Chaos.*

AS soon as the Chaos was made into Form,
 And the first Race of Men knew a Good
 from a Harm,
 They quickly did join in Knowledge divine,
 That the World's chiefest Blessings were Women
 and Wine;
 Since when by Example improving Delights,
 Time governs our Days, Love and Beauty our
 Nights.

Love on then, and drink,
 'Tis a Folly to think
 Of a Myst'ry out of our Reaches;
 Be moral in Thought;
 To be merry's no Fault,
 Tho' an Elder the contrary preaches:
 For never, my Friends, was an Age of more
 Vice,
 Than when Knaves would seem pious, and
 Fools would seem wise.

SONG XIX. *Ring, ring the Bar-Bell.*

Ring, ring the Bar Bell of the World,
 Great *Bacchus* calls for Wine :
 Haste, pierce the Globe, its Juices drain,
 To whet him e'er he dine.

Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,
 When first you've pour'd it forth ;
 The Globe shall cluck, as soon as tapp'd,
 To brood such Sons of Worth.

When this World's out, more World's we'll
 have ;

Who dare oppose the Call ?
 If we had twice ten thousand Worlds,
 'Ere Night we'd drink them all.

See, see our Drawer *Atlas* comes,
 His Cask upon his Back ;
 Haste, drink and swill, let's booze amain,
 'Till all our Girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
 Lest Time should go astray,
 We'll make Time drunk, the Rest reply'd,
 We Gods can make a Day.

Brave *Hercules*. who took the Hint,
 Required Time to drink ;
 And made him gorge such Potions down,
 That Time forgot to think.

Unthinking Time thus overcome,
 And nonplus'd in the Vast;
 Dissolv'd in the Ætherial World,
 Sigh'd, languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now Time's no more, let's drink away,
 Hang Flinching; make no Words:
 Like true-born *Baccanalian* Souls,
 We'll get as drunk as Lords.

SONG XX. *The Gods and the Goddesses.*

THE Gods and the Goddesses lately did feast,
 Where Ambrosia with exquisite Sauces
 was drest,
 Their Eatables did with their Deities suit,
 But what they should drink did occasion Dispute.
 'Twas time that old Nectar was grown out of
 Fashion,
 Being what they did drink long before the
 Creation;
 When the Sky-colour'd Cloth was mov'd from
 the Board,
 For making the Bowl, great *Jove* gave the Word;
 The Bowl it was large, of a Heavenly Size,
 Wherein they did use Infant Gods to baptize.

Quoth *Jove*, I'm inform'd they drink Punch u-
 pon Earth,
 Whereby the Mortal Wits far exceed us in Mirth;
 Therefore our wise Godheads together let's lay,
 And endeavour to make it much stronger than
 they.

'Twas I poke like a God, fill the Bowl to the Top,
 He is cashier'd from the Heavens, that leaves the
 last Drop.

E

Then

Then *Apollo* sent away two of his Lasses,
 With Pitchers, to fill at the Well of *Parnassus* ;
 To Poets new-born this Liquor it was brought,
 And they suck'd it in for their Morning's first
 Draught.

Juno for Lemons stepp'd into her Closet,
 Which, when she was sick, she infus'd into Posset,
 For Goddesses may be as squeamish as Gypsies ;
 The Sun and the Moon, you know, have their
 Eclipses :

These Lemons were call'd the *Hesperian* Fruit,
 Where a vigilant Dragon was said to look to it ;
 Twelve Dozen of these were well squeezed in
 Water,

The rest of Ingredients in order came after ;
Venus, Admirer of all Things that were sweet,
 Without her Infusion there had been no Treat,

Commanded her Sugar-Loaves white as her Doves
 To be brought to the Table by a Pair of young
 Loves :

So wonderful curious these Deities were,
 The Sugar it was strain'd thro' a Piece of fine
 Air.

Jolly *Bacchus* gave Notice, by dangling his
 Bunch;

That without his Assistance there cou'd be no
 good Punch,

What he meant by the Sequel is very well known.
 They threw in ten Gallons of trusty Lagoon,
Mars, tho' a blunt God, and Chief of the
 Biskers,

Was set at a Table a curling his Whiskers.

Quoth he, Fellow-Gods, and Celestial Gallants,
 I wou'd not give a Fig for Punch without Nantz,
 There-

Therefore, my *Ganymede*, I do command ye,
To throw in ten Gallons of the best *Nantz*
Brandy.

Saturn of all the Gods there was the oldest,
And we may imagine his Stomach was the coldest;
He out of his Pouch did some Nutmegs produce,
Which being well grated were put in the Juice;
Neptune this Ocean of good Liquor did crown,
With a Sea-Biscuit baked hard in the Sun.

The Bowl being finish'd a Health then began :
Quoth *Jove*, let it be to that Creature call'd Man;
'Tis to him alone our great Pleasure we owe ;
For Heaven it was never true Heaven till now.
The Gods being pleased the Health went about,
'Till *Gorrell-Belly'd Bacchus's* great Guts nigh
burst out.

The other brave Gods did Oceans of Punch
swallow ;

Alceon with Hounds and with Huntsman did
hollow ;

The Punch was delightful, they Plenty did bring,
And all the World over their Fame it did ring.

SONG XXI. *My Goddess Celia, heavenly Fair.*

AS swift as Time put round the Glafs,
And husband well Life's little Space ;
Perhaps your Sun, which shines so bright,
May set in everlasting Night.

Or, if the Sun again shou'd rise,
Death, 'ere the Morn, may close your Eyes ;

Then drink before it be too late,
And snatch the present Hour from Fate.

Come, fill a Brimber, fill it round,
Let Mirth, and Wit, and Wine abound;
In these alone true Wisdom lies;
For to be merry's to be wise.

SONG XXII. *When mighty Roast Beef.*

WHEN humming Brown Beer was the Eng-
lishman's Taste,
Our Wives they were merry, our Daughters
were chaste;
Their Breath smelt like Roses, whenever embrac'd:
*Oh! the Brown Beer of Old England,
And Old English Brown Beer.*

'Ere Coffee and Tea found its Way to the Town,
Our Ancestors they by their Fires sat down,
Their Bread it was white, and their Beer it was
brown.

Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

Our Heroes of old, of whose Conquests we boast,
Could make a good Meal of a Pot and a Toast;
Oh, did we so now we should soon rule the Roast!
Oh! the brown Beer, &c.

When the great *Spanish* Fleet on our Coast did
appear,

Our Sailors each one drank a Jorum of Beer,
And sent them away with a Flea in their Ear.

Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

Our Clergymen then took a Cup of good Beer,
'Ere they mounted the Rostrum, their Spirits
to cheer,

Then preach'd against Vices tho' Courtiers were
near.

Oh ! the Brown Beer, &c.

Their Doctrines then were authentic and bold,
Well grounded on Scripture and Fathers of old ;
But now they preach nothing but what they are
told.

Oh ! the Brown Beer, &c.

For since the Geneva and strong Ratifée,
They are dwindle'd to nothing, but stay —
let me see ;—

Faith nothing at all but meer Fiddle-dee-dee.

Oh ! the Brown Beer of Old England,

And Old English Brown Beer.

SONG XXIII. *What Class in Life, tho' ne'er so great ?*

WHAT Class in Life, tho' ne'er so great,
With a good fat Fellowship can compare ?
We still dream on at our old Rate,
Without perplexing Thought or Care.

Whilst those of Business, when oppress'd,
Lie down with Thoughts that break their Rest :
They toil, they slave, they drudge, and then
They rise to do the same again.

An easier Round of Life we keep,
We eat, we drink, we foinak, we sleep ;

We reel to Bed, there snore, and then
We rise to do the same again.

Come, come, let us drink,
And give a Loose to Pleasure ;
Fill, fill to the Brink,
We know no other Measure.

What else have to do
In this our easy Station,
But what we please pursue,
And drink to our Foundation ?

SONG XXIV. *Wine does Wonders.*

WIne does Wonders ev'ry Day,
Makes the Heavy light and gay ;
Throws off all their Melancholy,
Makes the Wisest go astray,
And the Busy toy and play,
And the Poor and Needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling Cowards bold,
Men in Years forget they're old ;
Women leave their coy Disdaining,
Who till then were shy and cold ;
Makes a Niggard fling his Gold,
And the Foppish entertaining.

SONG XXV. *If the Glasses they are empty.*

I F the Glasses they are empty,
Fill again my Soul's a-dry ;
Sure such Wine as this will tempt ye,
To carouse in Sympathy. Thirsty

Thirsty Souls like Plants expiring,
Moisture ever are desiring;

Thus caressing

Nature's Blessing,

We'll the sober World despise.

See, the Bottle, how its Beauty

Smiles in every ruby Face;

We to *Bacchus* owe a Duty,

Drink, brave Heroes, drink a-pace.

Cou'd the Globe be fill'd with Claret;

Souls like mine wou'd never spare it;

Ever drinking,

Void of Thinking,

We'd the happy Hours embrace.

SONG XXV. *I wish my Love were in a
Mire.*

THE thirsty Earth soaks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
The Plants suck in the Earth and Air,
With constant Drinking fresh and fair.
The Sea itself, which, one would think,
Should have but little Need of Drink,
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.

The busy Sun (and one should guess,
By's drunken fiery Face, no less)
Drinks up the Sea; and when h'as done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun;
They drink, and dance by their own Light,
They drink, and revel all the Night:
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal Health goes round.

Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the Glasses there ; for why
Shou'd ev'ry Creature drink but I ?
Why, Men of Mortals, tell me why ?

SONG XXVI. *Let's be jovial, fill our Glasses.*

Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses;
Noble Deeds are done by Wine ;
Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces :
Who'd for Love, or Beauty pine ?

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand Charms you'll find ;
More than *Phillis*, though just going
In the Moment to be kind.

Alexander hated Thinking,
Drank about at Council-board ;
He subdu'd the World by Drinking,
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

SONG XXVII. *The Jovial Drinker.*

A Pox on those Fools, who exclaim against
Wine,
And fly the dear Sweets that the Bottle doth
bring ;
It heightens the Fancy, the Wit does refine,
And he that was first drunk, was made the
first King.

By the Help of good Claret Old Age becomes
Youth,

And

And sick Men still find This the only Physician ;
 Drink largely, you'll know by Experience the
Truth,

That he that drinks most is the best Politician.

To Victory This leads on the brave Cavalier,
 And makes all the Terrors of War but De-
 light ;

This flushes his Courage, and beats off base
 Fear ;

'Twas this that taught *Cæsar* and *Pompey* to fight.

This supports all our Friends, and knocks down
 our Foes,

This makes us all loyal Men from Courtier to
 Clown ;

Like *Dutchmen* from Brandy, from This our
 Strength grows :

So 'tis Wine, noble Wine, that's a Friend to
 the Crown.

SONG XXVIII. *Whilst the Town's
 brim-full.*

WHILST the Town's brim-full of Folly,
 And runs gadding after *Polly*,

Let us take a chearful Glass ;

Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleasure,

Of bestowing Time and Treasure,

For to make one's self an Ass ?

I am for Joys are less expensive,
 Where the Pleasure's more extensive,

And from dull Attention free ;

Where my *Cælia*, o'er a Bottle,

Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle,

Sing old Songs as well as she.

SONGS

S O N G S

In Praise of

Good-Eating.

SONG I. *Roast-Beef.*

WHEN mighty roast Beef was the *English-*
man's Food,
 It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood;
 Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were
 good.

Oh! the roast Beef of old England, and old
English roast Beef.

But since we have learn'd from all-conquering
France,
 To eat their Ragouts, as well as to dance,
 We are fed up with nothing but vain Complai-
 sance.

Oh! the roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers, of old, were robust, stout, and
 strong,
 And kept open House, with good Chear all
 Day long,
 Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in
 this Song.

Oh! the roast Beef, &c.

But

But now we are dwindl'd, to what shall I name,
 A poor sneaking Race, half begotten—and
 tame,
 Who fully those Honours, that once shone in
 Fame.
Oh! the roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the Throne,
 E're Coffee, or Tea, and such Slip-Slops were
 known,
 The World was in Terror, if e'er she did frown.
Oh! the roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on our
 Main,
 They seldom, or never, return'd back again,
 As witness the vaunting *Armado* of Spain.
Oh! the roast Beef, &c.

Oh! then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And Wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
 right,
 But now we're a—I could,—but good Night.
Oh! the roast Beef, &c.



An Excellent New

EATING SONG.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

I.

YE Sons of the *Platter* ; give Ear,
 For the *Belly* has Ears, as they say,
 The *Praise of Good Eating* to hear,
 And you'll never be out of the *Way*.
But with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs
as keen,
Stand ready to cut thro' fat and thro' lean,
Thro' fat and thro' lean,
Stand ready to eat thro' fat and thro' lean.

II.

The *Science of Eating* is old,
 Its *Antiquity* no Man can doubt :
 Tho' *Adam* was squeamish we're told,
Eve soon found a dainty Bit out.
Then with Knives, &c.

III.

Thro' the *World* from the *West* to the *East*,
 Whether *City*, or *Country*, or *Court*,
 There's none whether *Layman* or *Priest*,
 But with *Pleasure* confesses the *Sport*.
When with Knives, &c.

IV.

IV.

At fair *London* the chief Magistrate,
 From a Sermon at Holy *St. Paul*,
 Straight rides, in a great Coach of State,
 To a Dinner at *Fishmonger's-Hall*;
Where with Knife, &c.

V.

There come Aldermen wrapt up in Fur,
 And Sword-bearer too at that Call;
 Or, how were he able to bear
 The Sword — and the Scabbard and all?
There with Knives, &c.

VI.

Common-Council and Livery-Men,
 The Rulers of every Street,
 There come to cut and come again;
 A Magistrate lives but to eat.
Then with Knives, &c.

VII.

At the Sound of the good College-Bell,
 On a Gaudy the *Doctors* descend,
 With a Grace all in *Latin* to tell
 The Founder to Eating a Friend.
Then with Knives, &c.

VIII.

At the *Horn's* most untunable Notes,
 The Judges replenish their Maw,
 And with Napkins tuck'd up to their Throats,
 Shew Good Eating's according to Law.
Then with Knives, &c.

F

IX.

IX.

At the Knock at the Buttery-Hatch,
 The rosy-gill'd *Chaplain* comes down,
 And my Lord himself makes such Dispatch,
 That his *Gout* at that Sound is quite flown.
Then with Knives, &c.

X.

Neither Horns, neither Knockers, nor Bells,
 Hath the Plow-man to give him his Cue;
 His Stomach his Dinner-time tells,
 And he whets his Case-Knife on his Shoe.
Then with Edge sharp as Razor, &c.

XI.

The 'Squire makes the Chace all his Care,
 O'er Hills and thro' Valleys his Course;
 And after a Whet of fresh Air,
 He as hungry returns as his Horse.
Then with Knife, &c.

XII.

Here the Doctor, the Lawyer, Divine,
 The Courtier, the Tradesman, all meet;
 Their Care, and their Toil is to dine;
 —'Tis all—to be able to eat.
Then with Knives, &c.

XIII.

A Feast is an Emblem of Life,
 Where no sooner we taste, but we're gone;
 Few can say, I have play'd a good Knife,
 Few or None; — Life's so short, few or
 none.

Then with Knives sharp as Razors, &c.

T H E
FACETIOUS TOBACCONIST;
O R, T H E

Book-Worm out-witted.

*To the Tune of A Cobler there was, and he liv'd
(in a Stall.*

Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri Miles Ulyssis,
Temperet a Lachrimis? V I R G.

A MERCHANT there was, an arch merry Blade,
Who made *Snuff* and *Tobacco* his principal
Trade;

As he sat at the STARS, o're a *Pipe* of the *Best*,
A pert little BOOK-WORM accosts him in jest.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

You a Merchant! — A *Higler* more like, on
my Life!

Prithee what was the Portion thou hadst with
thy Wife?

A Watch, and a Snuff-Box, with two MILLS, I
suppose,

And of *Monmouth-Street* Stamp a new Suit of
Cloaths.

Derry down, &c.

But will these go to Market? — No, no, my
dear Honey,

There's no trading beyond-Sea without *Ready*
Money. Tho'

Tho' your Boxes *without* make a glittering Show,
There's but little *within* all your Neighbours
well know.

Derry down, &c.

That I mayn't speak without Book, and to
shew I'm no Liar,
Here, before the whole Company, 'tis my Desire,
That you'll send me twice fifty good Pounds-
worth of Snuff,

To-morrow by *Ten*, or *Twelve's* soon enough.

Derry down, &c.

Perhaps, Sir, you fancy I'm in Liquor, or gay,
But I never piss backwards, now say, then unlay;
I'll pay you, depend on't, direct on the Nail,
If you'll forfeit a *Bottle*, in Case you should fail.

Derry down, &c.

A *Bottle*, dear Neighbour, shall never break
Squares;

'Tis *Done*. — You shall have or your *Bottle*,
or *Wares*.

The *Company* snigger'd at such an odd Bargain,
Not thinking the Purchase worth one single
Farthing.

Derry down, &c.

The *Book-Worm* at last takes his Leave (with a
Scorning)

Remember your Word, Sir, I pray, in the
Morning;

I'll do't says the *Merchant*, or forfeit, that's
fair.

Good

Good Night, says the *Book-Worm*, you'll ne're
do't, I swear.

Derry down, &c.

Away home he trudges, and laughs in his
Sleeve;
How my Pennylefs Merchant will growl, fret
and grieve,
To be roasted thus wittily 'midst a whole Crowd,
When he knows himself poor, tho' most dam-
nably proud!

Derry down, &c.

Next Morning comes on, and our *Book-Worm*
goes out,
Quite thoughtless of what he had purchas'd, no
Doubt,

But soon to his Sorrow, a Cart's at the Door,
With the *Cargo* propos'd,—and a Bill too that's

Derry down, &c.

He returns.—Lord! what's here?—in a ter-
rible Fright.
A Stink then ensu'd,—— which shew'd all was
not right.
He stamps and he stares; nay, puts Finger in Eye.
Blood and Thunder! I'm ruin'd if this *Cargo*
I buy.

Derry down, &c.

My Wife is with Child too!— I fear she'll
miscarry.
Lord! Lord! What a Fool was I ever to marry?
What a Racket will here be? — I dread the
should know.—

Good Neighbours, advise me.—Pray what shall I do?

Derry down, &c.

Says a Wag, with a Grin, but a seeming Concern,
Give your Lawyer a Fee; — That's the Way,
Sir, to learn.—

I own, such a Purchase would give me the Cholic;
But insist, Sir, upon't, that 'twas all but a Frolick.

Derry down, &c.

So I will, says the *Book-Worm*, and flies fast
away.

What's the Answer?—Why this; — You're oblig'd
Sir, to pay.

The Bargain was open, the Goods too deliver'd.—
At this, like a Man in an Ague he shiver'd.

Derry down, &c.

All I can advise you, Sir, if you'll be wise,
Is this, the unhappy Affair compromise.

Advance him *Ten Guineas*; of *One* if you fail,
Your Portion will be, I can tell you, a *Fail*.

Derry down, &c.

Of two Evils he cries, the Least is the best.—
I'll deposit the *Cole*.—A damn'd Price for a Jest!
This Lesson, however, I learn from what's past,
That the *Shoe-maker* ne'er should out-measure
his *Last*.

Derry down, &c.

T H E CONCLUSION.

Being

A Lively Representation of a *Bacchanalian Revelry*, in a familiar Epistle to the celebrated Mr. *Hogarth*, on his well-known Print, Entitled, *The Modern Midnight Conversation*.

SAcred to Thee, permit this Lay
Thy Labour, Hogarth, to display.
Patron and Theme at once to be,
'Tis great ; but not too great for Thee :
For Thee, the Poets constant Friend ;
Whose Vein of Humour knows no End.

Perhaps, in Chaucer's ancient Page,
We view the Hogarth of his Age :
Upon the Canvas first, like Thine,
His Deathless Characters might shine,
So should some Bard, with equal Art,
Collect the Hints Thy Works impart,
Three hundred Years his Name might raise,
To thy great Dividend of Praise.

Alas ! that Picture should decay,
That Words alone can Wit convey !
But Words remain : O may this Verse
Remain, thy Honour to rehearse !

This

*This Verse, which, honest to thy Fame,
Has join'd thy Praises and thy Name.*

*Who can be dull, when to his Eyes
Such various Scenes of Humour rise ?
We wonder, while we laugh, to see
E'en Butler's Wit improv'd by Thee.
Thy Harlot pleas'd, and warn'd us too.—
What will not gay Instruction do ?
Here we behold in what unite
The Priest, the Beau, the Cit, the Bite ;
Where Law and Physick join the Sword,
And Justice deigns to crown the Board.
How Modern Midnight Conversations
Mingle all Faculties and Stations.*

*Full to the Sight, and next the Bowl,
Sits the Physician of the Soul ;
No loftier Themes his Thought pursues,
Than Punch, good Company, and Dues.
Easy, and careless what may fall,
He bears, consents, and fills to all ;
Proving it plainly, by his Face,
That Cassocks are no Signs of Grace.*

*Next him a Son of BEHAL see :
(That Heav'n and SATAN should agree !)
Warm'd, and wound up to proper Height,
He vows still, to maintain the Fight ;
The brave, surviving Priest assails,
And fairly damns the First that fails :
Then toasts a Bumper to The Best.—
The Doctor smokes the meaning Jest ;
And mindful of his fav'rite Laff,
Repeats the Health, and bids it pass.*

What

*What Hand but Thine so well could draw
 A formal Barrister at Law?
 Behold! united in his Look,
 FITZHERBERT, LITTLETON, and COKE.
 His spacious Wig conceals his Ears;
 Yet the dull plodding Beast appears:
 His Muscles seem exact to fit
 Much Noise, much Pride, and not much Wit.*

*The Man of Honour and the Knave,
 For different Purposes look grave:
 Who then is He, with solemn Phiz,
 Upon his Elbows poiz'd at Ease?
 Not the first Man, who, drinking deep,
 Has broke the Peace he swore to keep.
 To act a Crime, and paint the Shame,
 Are oft the Province of the same;
 Heav'n, Whoring, Bribes, and Reformation,
 Make up true Midnight Conversation.*

*What MACHIAVEL behold we now,
 With Patriot Cares upon his Brow?
 Alas! that Punch should have the Fate
 To drown the Pilot of the State!
 That, while both Sides his Pocket holds,
 (Nor D'Anvers grieves, nor Osborne scolds)
 He drops the Bus'ness of the Realm,
 And leaves the FRENCH to Folks at Helm!*

*When CIVIS tells, with wat'ry Eyes,
 How Credit sinks, and Taxes rise;
 At Parliaments, and Great Men frets;
 Recounts his Losses, and his Debts;
 His Language in his Looks appears,
 And he who sees thy Picture, hears.*

*The puny Fop, Mankind's Disgrace,
The Ladies' Jest, and Dressing Glass;
Who meets us with a motley Scene
Of Snuff-box, Powder-bag, and Cane;
This He-she Martyr of Debauch,
Thy Pencil brands with soul Reproach.*

*See! where the Relic of the Wars,
Deep-mark'd with honourable Scars,
A mightier Foe has caus'd to yield
Than ever MARLBRO' met in Field!
See! prostrate on the Earth he lies;
And learn, ye Soldiers! to be wise.*

*Flush'd with the Fumes of gen'rous Wine,
Lo! Glyster's Face begins to shine:
With Eyes half-clos'd, in stamm'ring Strain,
He speaks the Praise of rich CHAMPAIGN;
Calls it—the Physick of the Gods:
And while, like JOVE, he greatly nods,
His trembling Hand, by Fortune led,
Applies it to the Captain's Head.*

*Thro' active Life surpriz'd we trace
Thy manly Satire's varied Grace:
But wonder more that Grace to find
Display'd on Cyphers of our Kind.
Mere Expletives in human Form,
Thy Genius, bold, expressive, warm,
In strength of Character can show,
Profoundly drunk th' insipid Beau.
With Face averse, th' unsocial Brute;
Each thoughtless, motionless, and mute.*

*'Tis Thine, a Lesson to impart
In each free Effort of thy Art.*

'Tis

*'Tis Thine, O Learn'd in Nature's Laws !
 To shew us how one pow'rful Cause
 Makes LEVI swell, and JUSTIN sneer ;
 To BALLANCE gives the conscious Leer ;
 Bids RANTER roar, and TRADE-ILL weep,
 And lulls poor IN DOLENCETO sleep !
 How mighty Wine, to various Shapes,
 Transforms the Tribe of human Apes !*

*From Me 'tis dull, what from thy Hand
 Might ev'n CATO's Smile command !
 Th' expiring Snuffs ; the Bottles broke ;
 And the full Bowl at four o'Clock ;
 The numerous Reck'ning on the Shelf ;
 Who can describe them but Thyself ?*

*In vain we ransack ROME or GREECE,
 To match this Conversation-Piece :
 In vain our Follies would advance
 The Names of ITALY and FRANCE.
 Labour and Art elsewhere we see ;
 But native Humour strong in Thee.
 In Thee !——But Parallels are vain !
 A great Original remain.
 Go on to lash our reigning Crimes ;
 And live ;——the Censor of the Times !*

F I N I S.

'Tis Paine, O Paine, in Nature's Plan;
 To show us how the world was made;
 Mark I have seen, and JUSTICE here;
 To BALANCE every the common Law;
 With PAINFULNESS, and TRADE all day;
 And with the DOCTRINE of the Law;
 There might be seen, to others' eyes,
 Transform the Face of human Life!

From Me, in this, report from the House
 Might seem a sort of Suffering;
 To existing Laws; the British Laws;
 And the full Power of the Crown;
 The manner of the Law, on the whole;
 Who can help but to say?



In vain the ancient Rome or Greece,
 To match the Conqueror's Piece;
 In vain our modern Laws and France,
 The Name of LAW and FRANCE;
 Indeed and all elsewhere we see;
 But never Human Power in this.
 In this! — But Paine's is vain!
 A great Original remains.
 Go on to let our rising Crimes;
 And here; — the Center of the Times!